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fulness of his materials. In addition to the best printed maps and documents, he has had access to numerous manuscript surveys and plans, and has consulted the acts of incorporation for the boundaries of towns. The principal roads are drawn with distinctness, and the villages, meeting houses, bridges, and other important objects are carefully noted. In short, no map, or series of maps, has appeared, which we can recommend with such entire confidence to all, who would obtain an accurate view of the topography of the New England states.

The engraving has been executed with great care by a skilful hand, and is neatly finished. Neither time nor pains have been spared, by the publisher and the engraver, to make the work as perfect as the nature of it would admit, and worthy of the approbation and study of such persons as seek instruction in this department of knowledge.

7.—*Hints to My Countrymen*, by an AMERICAN. New York. J. Seymour. 12mo. pp. 216.

THIS volume we have perused with satisfaction. A severe criticism would find in it some extravagances in sentiment, and some affectations in language. Trivial incidents are too often made occasions of grave remark, and the more important ones do not always sustain the tone of reflection into which they lead the author. We do not think it perfectly good taste, in a work exactly like this, to introduce names and anecdotes of distinguished living individuals, and in the present instance we cannot but think some of the anecdotes would have better been omitted. The title indicates the character of the volume. It allows great latitude in the selection of subjects, and the author has used his privileges. In the short notice we propose to make, we shall show what seems to us to be the design of the author, and with what success this has been prosecuted.

He intends to show that a moral and instructed yeomanry are the great and stable blessings of a nation. The good they effect is their own, as well as their country's. He gives animated and very pleasing views of an enlightened industry. The country where this is cherished has a pure moral atmosphere, as well as the healthful breezes which are native to it. The mind and the body, the forests and the fields, are vigorous and luxuriant in such a country. Freedom of thought and of action will be found in it. It will favor useful learning, and produce a love for its privileges, as well as a pride in them: but if this love and this pride have

their spring in a just sense of these privileges, they will not be thought unnatural or unamiable. It is to be feared, it perhaps should be acknowledged, that in some parts of the land, a proper feeling on this subject is not yet entertained. Our independence and equality are thought to be so exclusive of distinctions, that just claims to attentions and courtesy are not always felt or not always allowed. Travellers from abroad into our interior, have observed this, and have noticed it to our disadvantage. We occasionally feel it ourselves. Now this is not the fault of our freedom; it springs directly from a want of knowledge. You will always find, where our yeomanry most want courtesy, are least accommodating, or are most rude, that there the public provisions for education are most defective. Children grow up with little respect for their natural superiors; and have little at the disposal of the strangers whom accident may throw amongst them. There is another remark in this connexion equally true; that in such parts of the country, there is much poverty, little care about appearances, a slovenly agriculture, and much intemperance.

These are great evils in any land, they are peculiarly so in our own. We hold our blessings not by the mere freedom which we have inherited. That freedom was the growth of a fine perception of the endowments as well as rights of intelligent beings. It was an enlightened conviction that in the wide circle of creation there was nothing better, nothing so good, with which we had a direct relation, as the human mind. This power our ancestors acted upon chiefly. They built colleges and schools for its cultivation and exercise; and among their earliest foundations were our churches, in which an improved intellect was to find means and opportunity for its highest elevation. Education, moral and intellectual culture in its highest sense, was the great aim and end of our ancestors, and it was this which taught them that they were free.

We think these views very important. It was not consistent perhaps with the plan of our author, if he had any distinct plan, to allude very particularly to them. It was more grateful to him to notice their effects. We do not discredit his representations, for his travels have carried him through portions of the country in which the value of education is understood. Still it would not be just to our country, nor to ourselves, to leave it unstated, that even with us there is much that is wild and waste. The 'Book Merchant,' or traveller, whose tour makes up so much of the book, and which we think the best part of it, acknowledges, indeed, that he saw some things that did not altogether please him; but he was unwilling to mar the beautiful by sketches of the de-

formed. This is very amiable in him, but it is wisest and best to know the whole truth about the evil. Here it is particularly so, for in our honest complacency at our truly great privileges, we are in danger of loving our faults; or, if we do not actually cherish them as parts of our privileges, we may think too little about the matter to correct them. Let it then always be understood, and let it always be stated, that the safety and happiness of this land are to be looked for solely in its provisions for education. We cannot be more free than we are; there is hence no danger here in knowledge. Our courtesy, our kindness, our whole morality, will always be in exact proportion to our moral and intellectual cultivation. All that is brought forward on this topic in this volume, and it hints much concerning it, is very interesting. It is our yeomanry, whose good and whose happiness it everywhere studies, and this, with us, has given to a hasty and temporary work, an interest we are very free to acknowledge.

We regret that the 'Book Merchant' is a foreigner, and an Englishman. We do not think a stranger, though a very shrewd observer, the best judge of either the good or the bad amongst us. Both of these are comparative everywhere. But in a country like ours, so unlike in so great a variety of particulars, and where resemblance depends on so many circumstances not very readily comprehended by a stranger, a comparison of ourselves with ourselves should, to be useful or credited, be made by the wise observer of our own land. As to comparisons with another country, even with that from which we sprung, we are very doubtful of their correctness or expediency. This is as true of men as of literature. Our literature has always suffered, because it has been so common with us to compare it with the literature, and the best too, of another country. It will be the same with our institutions, our habits, and our manners. It is with ourselves, our own minds, and all the peculiarities our institutions may and do produce, our country, and all the circumstances in which it is novel, we would say *original*; it is with these we are most deeply concerned, and it is by a study of all these that we are to find defects and remedies, an elevated morality, and a distinctive literature.

We do not, indeed, suffer in the present instance, where the comparison is between us and England, for the balance always appears in our favor. It seemed to us somewhat against the representations of the foreign literary pedlar, that he should love us so much, and his own home so little. His descriptions are exaggerated. He compares great comfort with extreme misery. In his admiration he becomes enthusiastic, and an enthusiast is not the best observer of the simple, homely scenes which it is the object of the

author to describe. But we principally object to the 'Book Merchant,' because he seems to want sympathy with his own country. There is a depth of misery at this day in England, which perhaps that nation has never known before. There is poverty and famine there, and the cold of winter is coming to heighten a suffering, which seems, even now, to have reached its utmost limits. We should be grateful for our blessings, but there is something in the misery alluded to, which does not for a moment admit of any other feeling but sympathy.

We would not however be grave in our short notice of this useful volume. The author discovers so much true benevolence, that the good humored loquacity of his principal character should not be too gravely criticised. But the book is for our 'countrymen,' a class which, however it may have been neglected by our writers, has the strongest claims on the vigorous and best minds amongst us. What has and may be done for them in this way, will form a novel, and it may be a peculiar literature here, and we hope our author will continue his labors, and enlist kindred minds in the same good cause. We have principally noticed his work because we feel so much interest in what we regard its object; and he will not be offended by our criticism, even though it be not in its whole extent applicable to his present labors. He has given excellent sketches of our yeomanry, and we think his work cannot fail to interest and instruct them. He shows how useful education is to this great class of our community; and if he values it because it helps to make men economical, and so aids thrift, he shows that its principal agency in this way is through the better morality it produces. In this view the spirit of this little work is good, and claims for it a wide circulation.

- 8.—*An Address to the Whites; delivered in the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, on the 26th of May, 1826.*
By ELIAS BOUDINOT, a Cherokee Indian. Philadelphia.
8vo. pp. 16.

A BOOK written by an Indian is a novelty, even in this native land of Indians. The one before us has much interest, both in regard to its origin and its subject. It was made, as we see on the titlepage, by a Cherokee Indian, and it gives a short, but somewhat remarkable account of his nation. We shall let the author speak mostly for himself.

'You here behold an *Indian*, my kindred are *Indians*, and my fathers sleeping in the wilderness grave—they too were *Indians*.